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Garth Ennis

Darick Robertson

The BOYS

TWENTY-SIX



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The BOYS

TWENTY-SIX

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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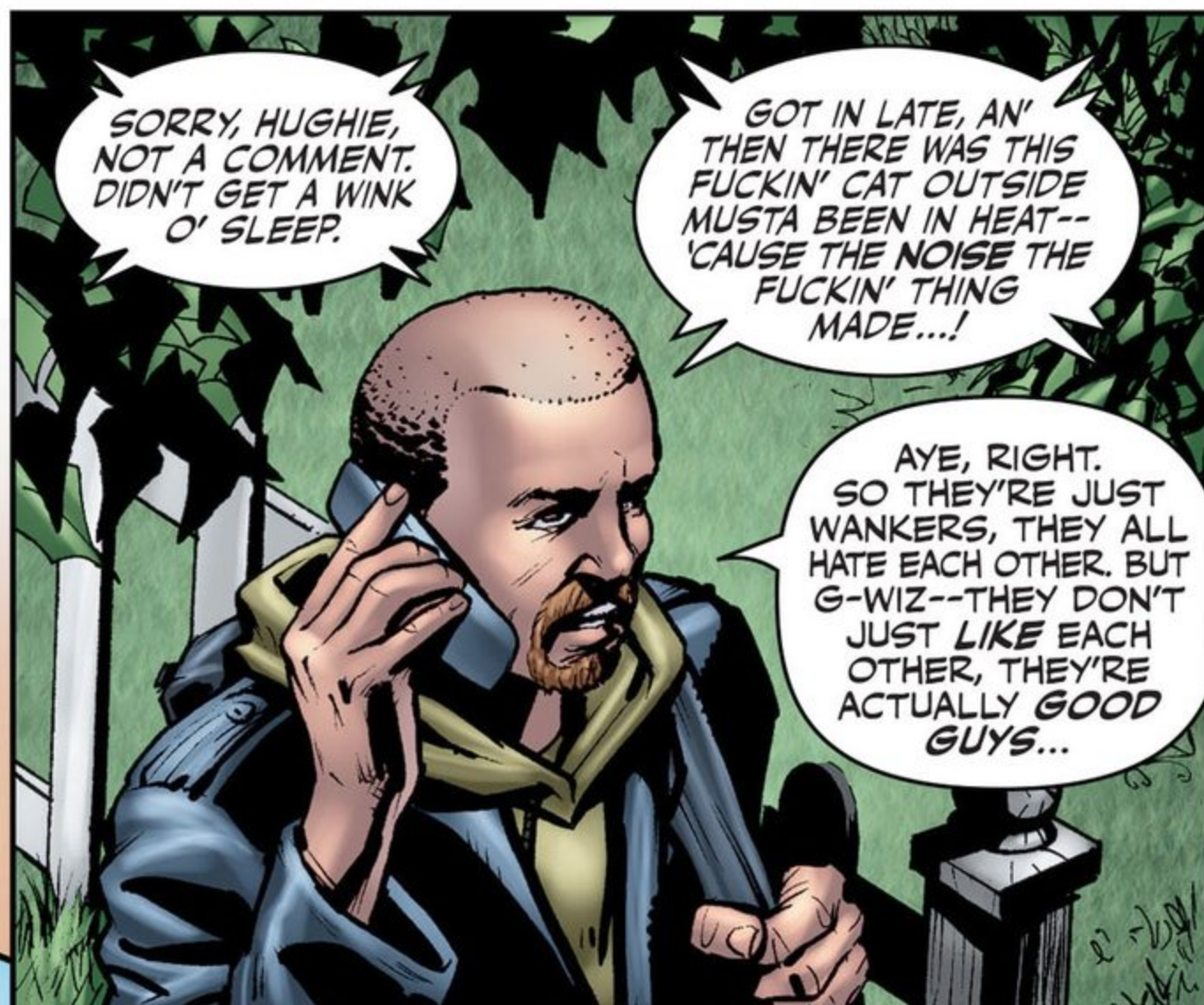
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IT'S LIKE YOU WERE SAYIN': THE OTHER G-MEN, THE GROWN-UPS, THEY'RE ALL A LOADA--

EEHHHHHHHHYAAHHHH...



SORRY, HUGHIE, NOT A COMMENT. DIDN'T GET A WINK O' SLEEP.

GOT IN LATE, AN' THEN THERE WAS THIS FUCKIN' CAT OUTSIDE MUSTA BEEN IN HEAT-- 'CAUSE THE NOISE THE FUCKIN' THING MADE...!

AYE, RIGHT. SO THEY'RE JUST WANKERS, THEY ALL HATE EACH OTHER. BUT G-WIZ--THEY DON'T JUST LIKE EACH OTHER, THEY'RE ACTUALLY GOOD GUYS...



COME AGAIN?

I KNOW THEY'RE SUPES, AN' I'M NO' SAYIN' THEY'RE NO' A BIT WEIRD--'CAUSE THEY ARE. BUT HONESTLY, THEY'RE DEAD ON. THEY'RE AS CLOSE W/ EACH OTHER AS THE RESTA THE TEAMS'RE DYSFUNCTIONAL...

SO?

WELL, THE BUGS'RE ALL IN, AN' THE JOB'S DONE, BUT--

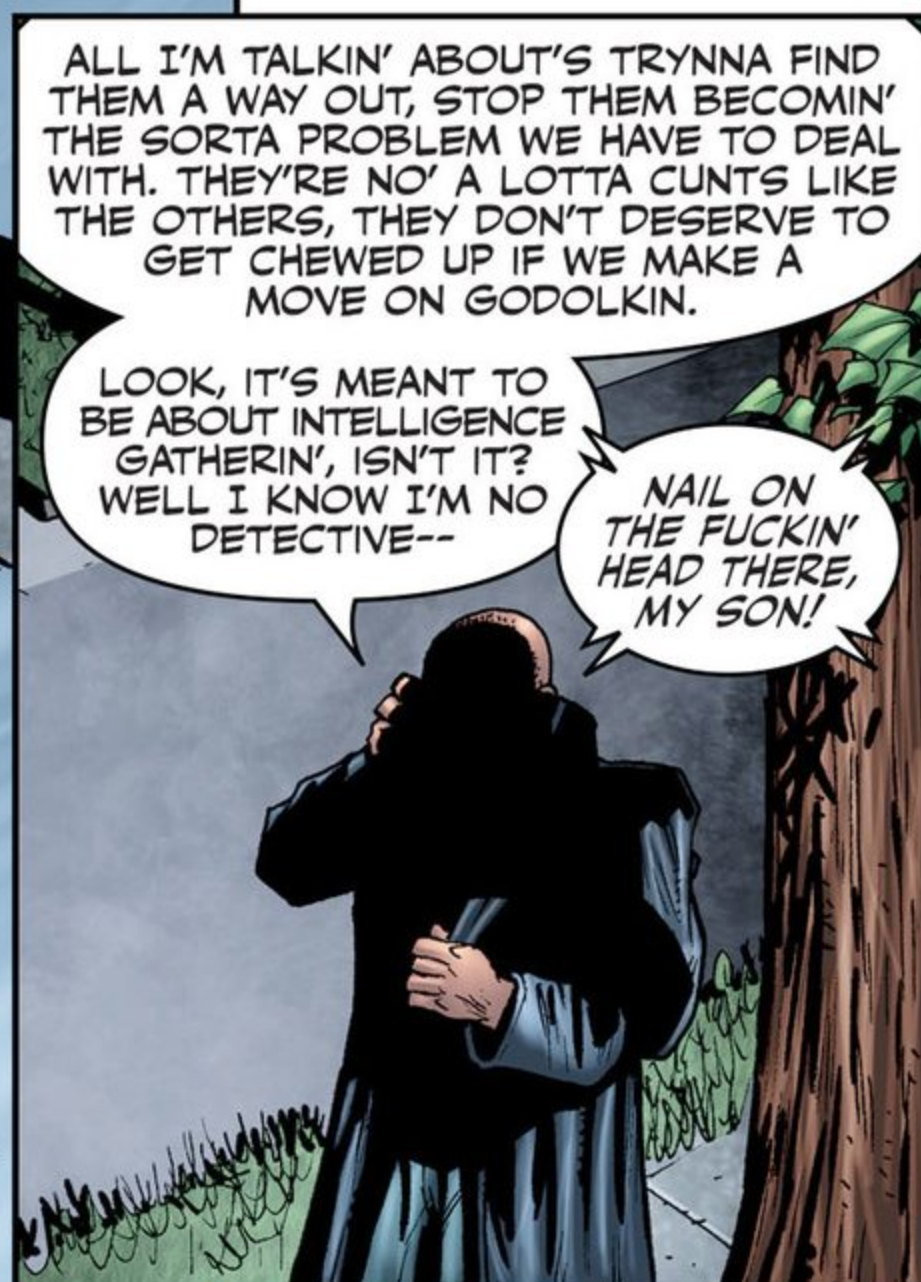
I WAS JUST WONDERIN' IF I COULD STAY UNDERCOVER W/ THE WIZ A BIT LONGER. PARTLY OUTTA CURIOSITY, PARTLY TO SEE IF I CAN... I DUNNO, MAYBE TRY AN' HELP THEM AVOID TURNIN' OUT LIKE THE REST...





WHAT, ARE YOU GONNA *SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES*? JESUS, DON'T EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH A STRIPPER, HUGHIE...!

IT'S NO' LIKE THAT...



ALL I'M TALKIN' ABOUT'S TRYNNNA FIND THEM A WAY OUT, STOP THEM BECOMIN' THE SORTA PROBLEM WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH. THEY'RE NO' A LOTTA CUNTS LIKE THE OTHERS, THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GET CHEWED UP IF WE MAKE A MOVE ON GODOLKIN.

LOOK, IT'S MEANT TO BE ABOUT INTELLIGENCE GATHERIN', ISN'T IT? WELL I KNOW I'M NO DETECTIVE--

NAIL ON THE FUCKIN' HEAD THERE, MY SON!



AW, FOR GOD'S SAKE--!

COME ON, YOU KNOW I'M ONLY TAKIN' THE PISS. YOU DONE ALL RIGHT WITH TEK-KNIGHT AN' SWINGWING, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU WANNA FOLLOW YOUR NOSE, YOU FOLLOW IT. BE CAREFUL. AN' JUST REMEMBER ONE THING: NO MATTER HOW NICE YOU THINK THESE LITTLE BLEEDERS ARE--



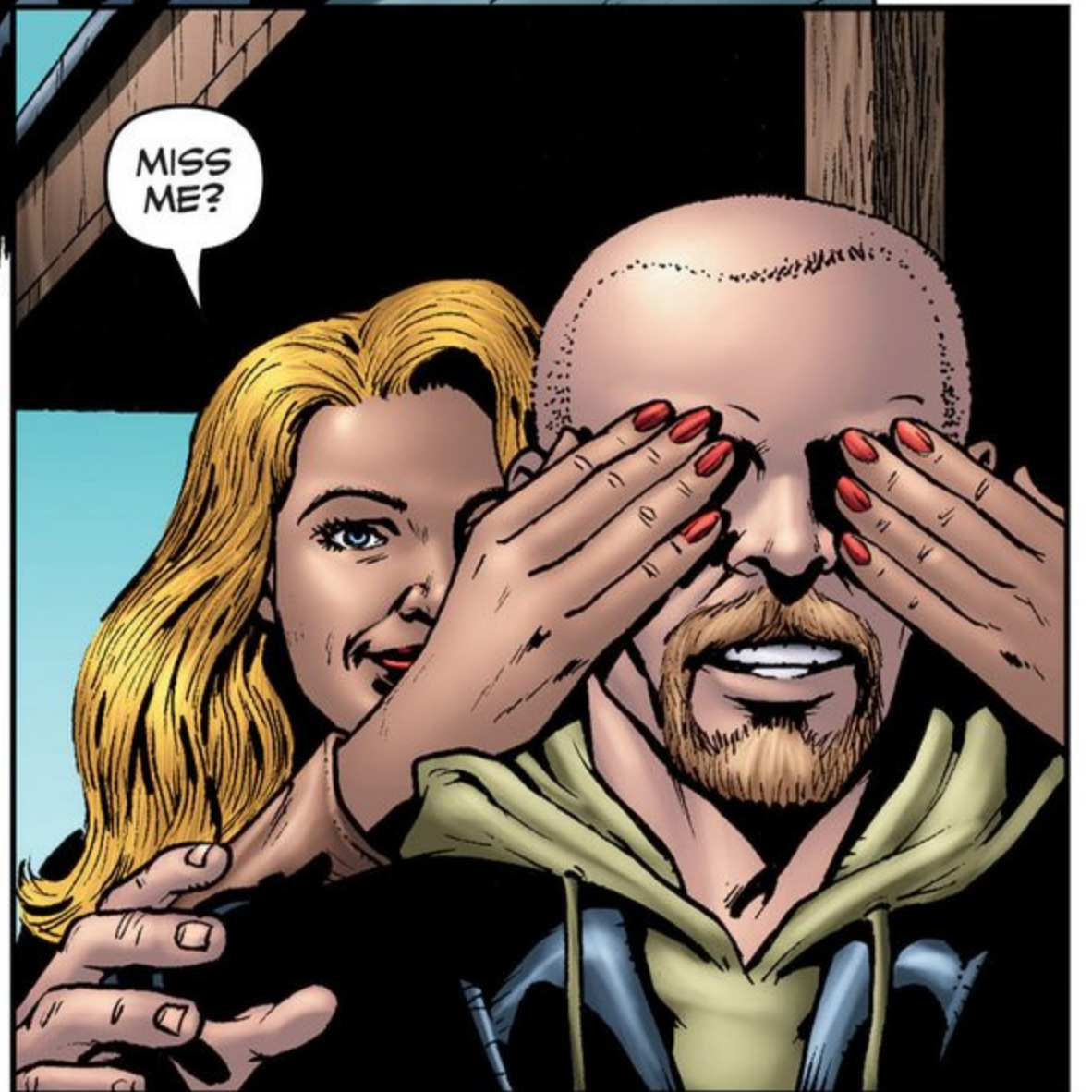
ONCE A SUPE, ALWAYS A SUPE.

ALL RIGHT?

AYE, RIGHT, DEFINITELY! I'VE GOTTA GO, OKAY?



GOTTA GO...!





WELCOME,
MY G-MEN.

WELCOME
TO *BRUNCH*.

WE GOTTA GO NOW part
four



THIS MOST CIVILISED, MOST PLEASING OF CULINARY INNOVATIONS...

IRONIC INDEED, THAT WE PARIAHS-- WE DWELLERS ON THE OUTSIDE--SHOULD ADOPT A CUSTOM SO DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THE SPECIES THAT DESPISES US...

HUMANITY.

AND YET, THROUGH *EUROPO'S* SUBLIME EGGS BENEDICT AND THE BLOODY MARY MIX OF *STACKER*, WE--DAMNED OFFSPRING OF MAN'S SCIENTIFIC AFTERBIRTH--MAY SEIZE THESE PALTRY CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE OF OUR EMBARRASSED STEPPATHERS...

SEEEECRET RECIPE!

MMF.



HOW CAN YOU HAVE OFFSPRING FROM AN AFTERBIRTH? HOW DOES THAT WORK?

SSSHH...

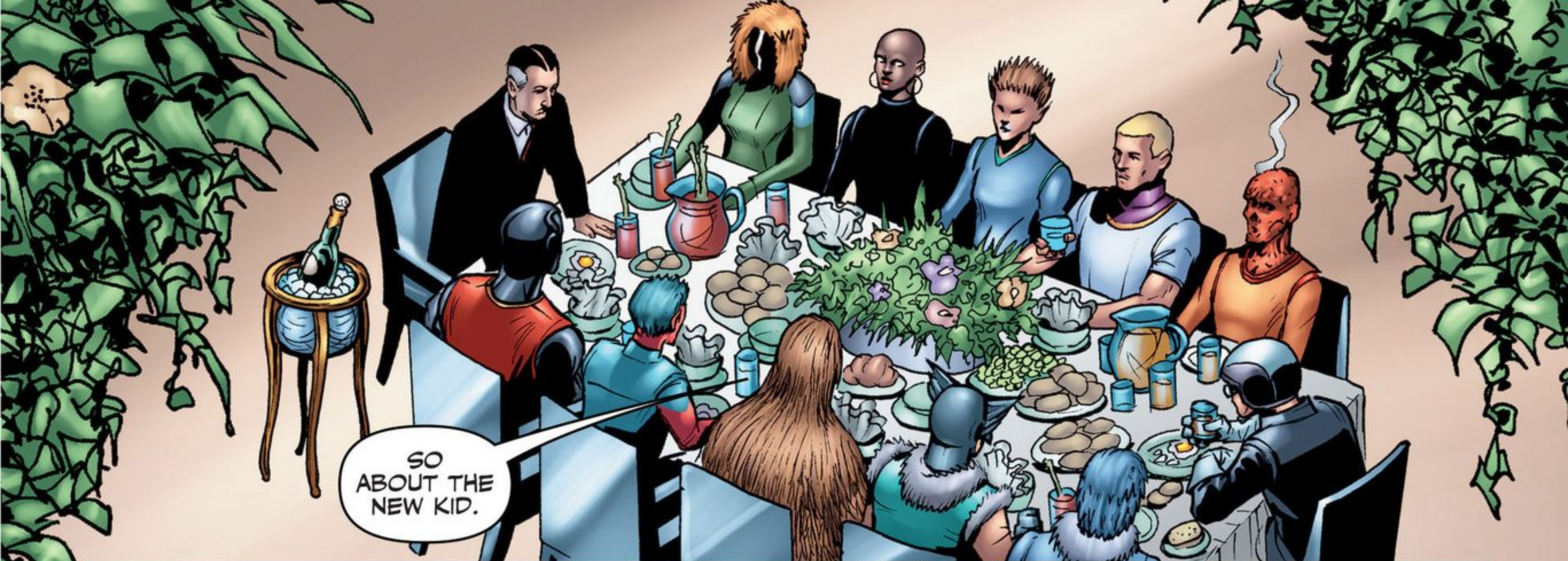
AND WHAT'S THIS WE SHIT, IS HE ONE OF US NOW, OR SOMETHING?



COME ON, YOU KNOW IT MAKES HIM HAPPY...

RIGHT, BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH TO FUCKING MAKE HIM HAPPY.

...LET US EAT.



SO ABOUT THE NEW KID.



BAGPIPE?

YEAH.

NOT SO MUCH HIM AS THE FACT THAT THERE IS A NEW KID. ANOTHER G-MAN.

YOU KNOW.



I MEAN HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE NOW? EIGHT OR NINE TEAMS, ABOUT SIX OR SEVEN GUYS PER TEAM?

WITH EACH NEW RECRUIT REDUCING YOUR SHARE OF THE GROSS BY POINT ZERO ZERO ONE OF A PERCENT, YES, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING...



IT'S NOT THE MONEY. YOU TWO COULD BUY UP EVERY DIAMOND-STUDDED COCK RING ON THE PLANET AND WE'D STILL ALL BE SET FOR--

GONNA...!



CRITTER, ANY TIME YOU WANT TO--

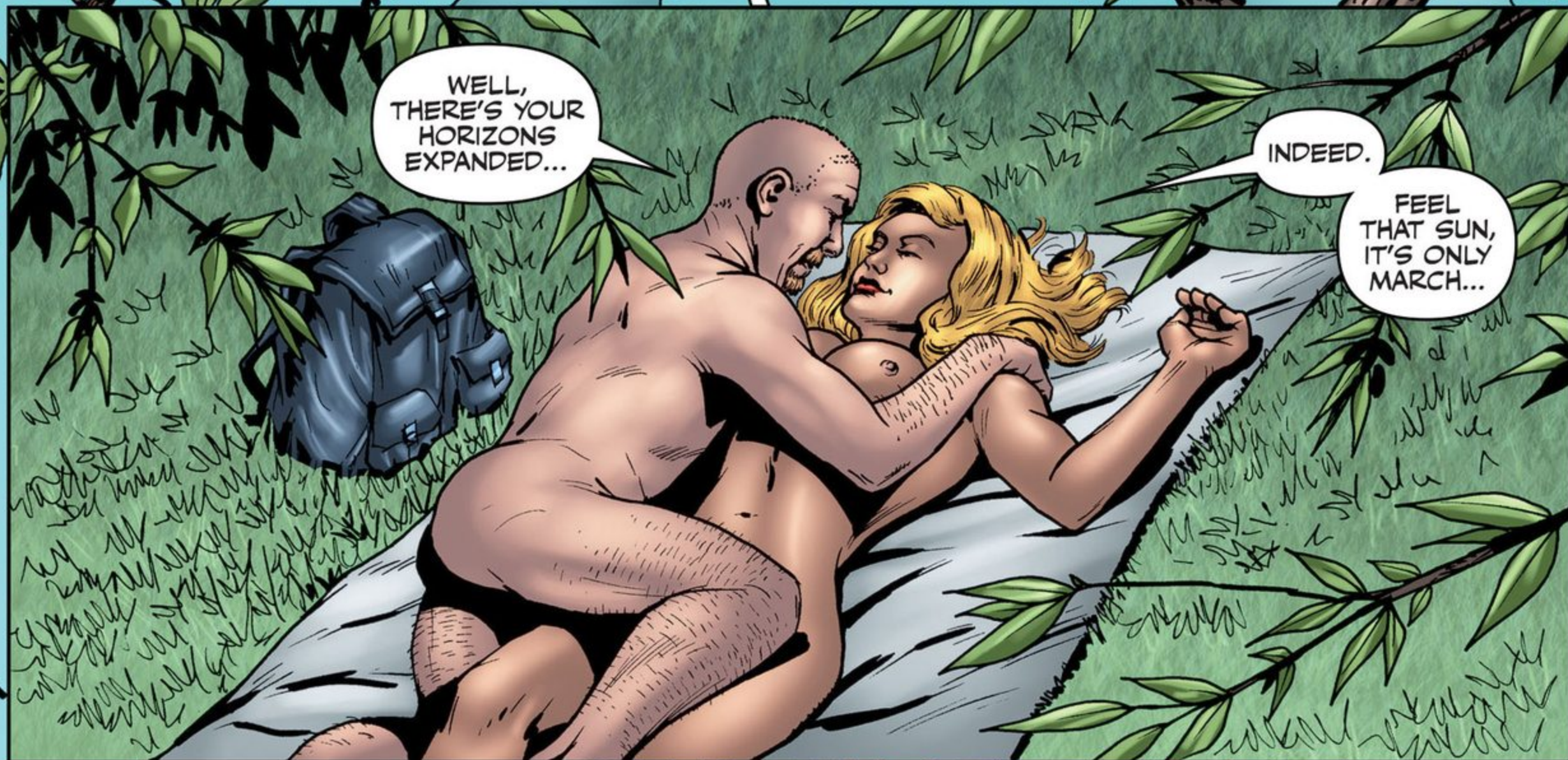
JUST A MINUTE, LOVE, I'M HAVING TROUBLE HEARING HIS BANAL HOMOPHOBIC RAMBLINGS...

GONNA!
GONNA!
GONNA!





I'VE NEVER DONE IT OUTSIDE BEFORE.



WELL, THERE'S YOUR HORIZONS EXPANDED...

INDEED.

FEEL THAT SUN, IT'S ONLY MARCH...



I KNOW. I THOUGHT WE'D BE GOIN' TO A MOTEL, BUT THIS IS ABOUT A MILLION TIMES NICER.

AYE, MY MOTEL. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT, MY MOTEL.

AREN'T YOU STAYING SOMEWHERE FOR WORK?

HOW'S JAMIE?



HE'S FINE, HE WAS RUNNING IN HIS WHEEL WHEN I STOPPED BY. MISTER...

POTAMUS.

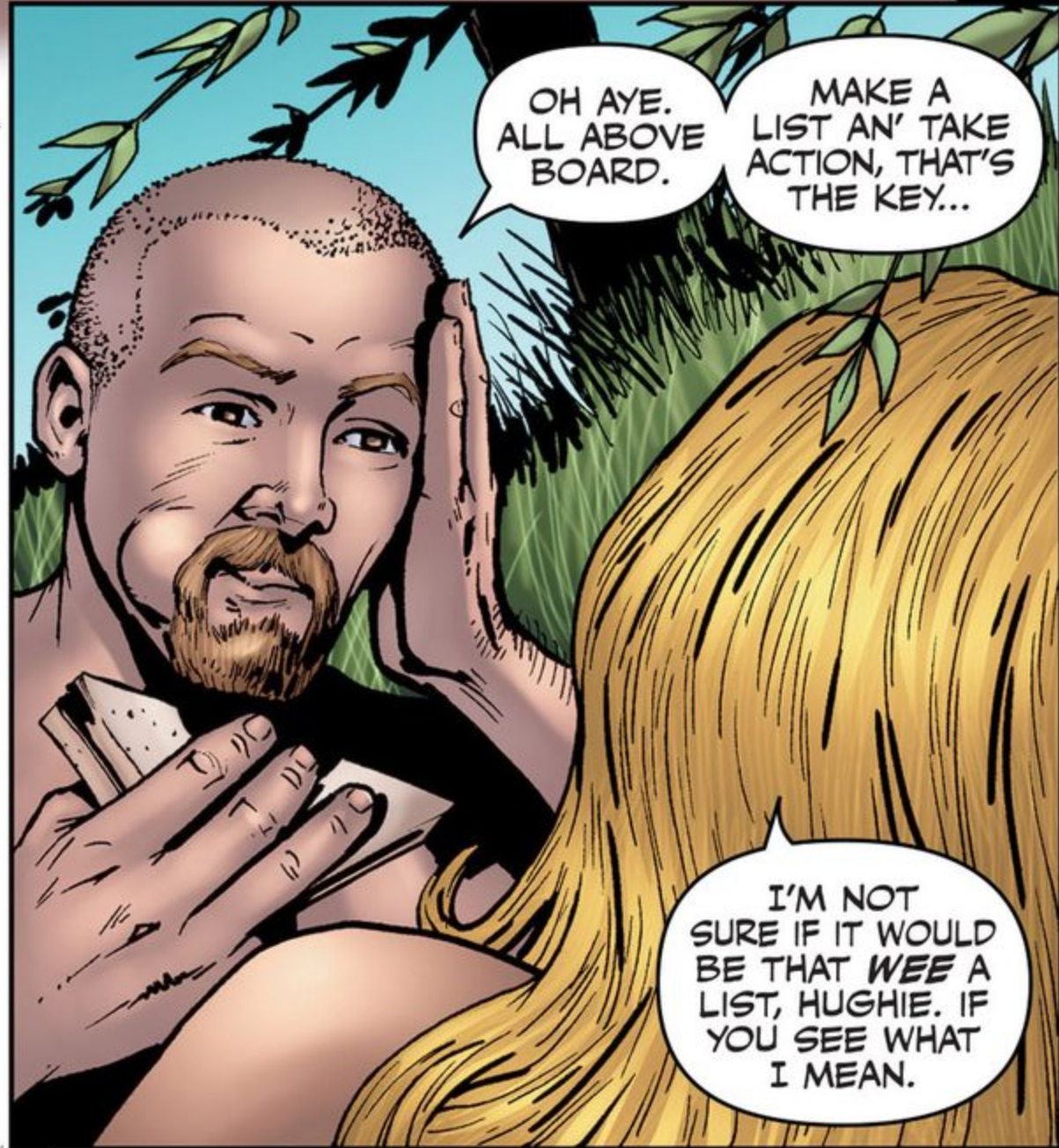
IS DOING A GREAT JOB.



I WAS JUST THINKIN'-- MMF--

IF YOU NEVER DID IT OUTDOORS BEFORE, WE SHOULD MAYBE THINK ABOUT WHERE ELSE YOU'VE NO' DONE IT. COME UP WI' A WEE LIST, LIKE.

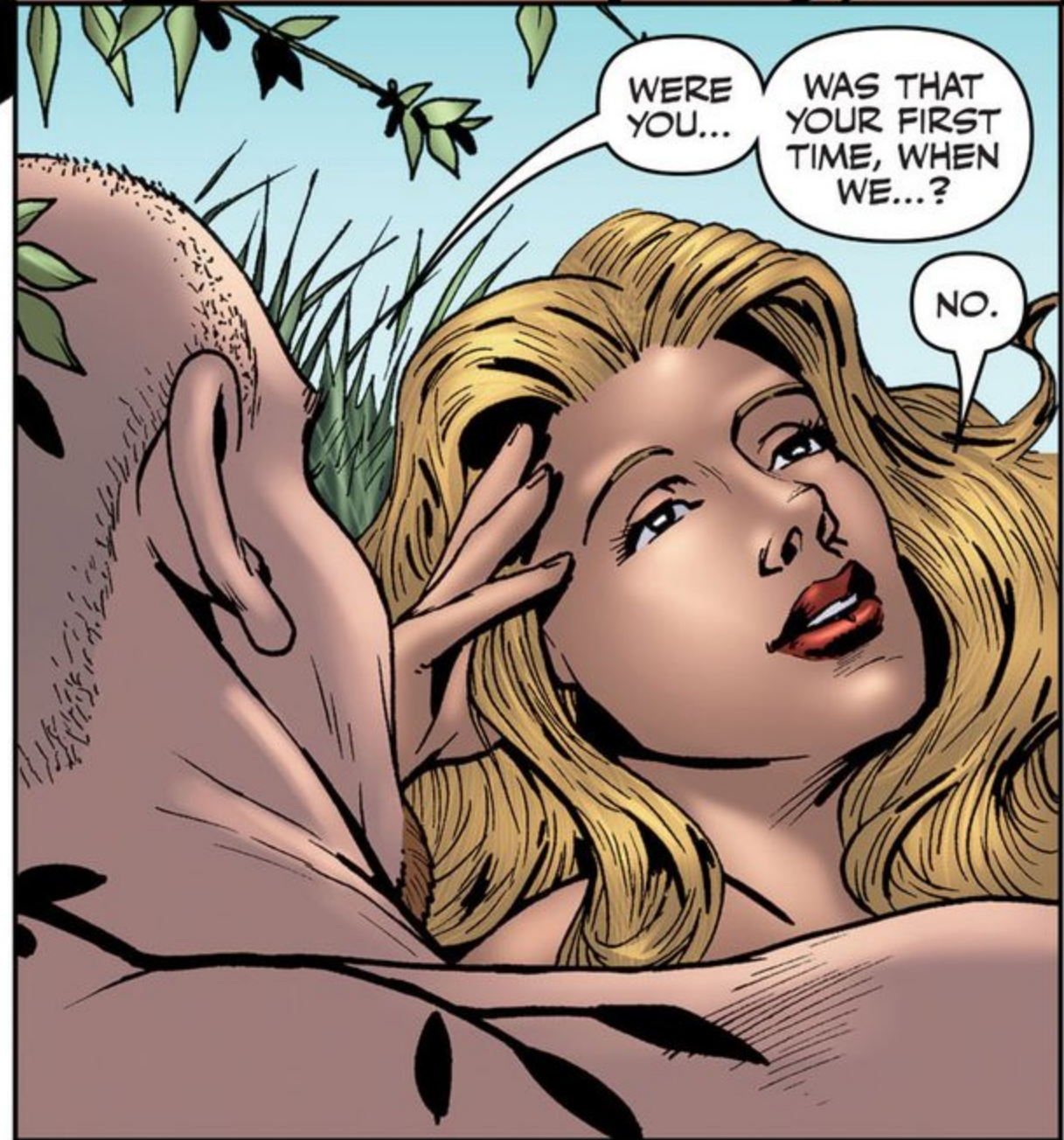
PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF EXPANDING MY HORIZONS...



OH AYE. ALL ABOVE BOARD.

MAKE A LIST AN' TAKE ACTION, THAT'S THE KEY...

I'M NOT SURE IF IT WOULD BE THAT *WEE* A LIST, HUGHIE. IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN.



WERE YOU...

WAS THAT YOUR FIRST TIME, WHEN WE...?

NO.



I WAS WITH SOMEONE. WE WERE IN KIND OF A CHRISTIAN ORGANISATION TOGETHER, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT. AND...WE DIDN'T.

WE TOLD PEOPLE WE DID, BUT WE DIDN'T. IT WAS ONE OF A COUPLE OF LIES WE WERE TELLING AROUND THAT TIME.



LIKE...?

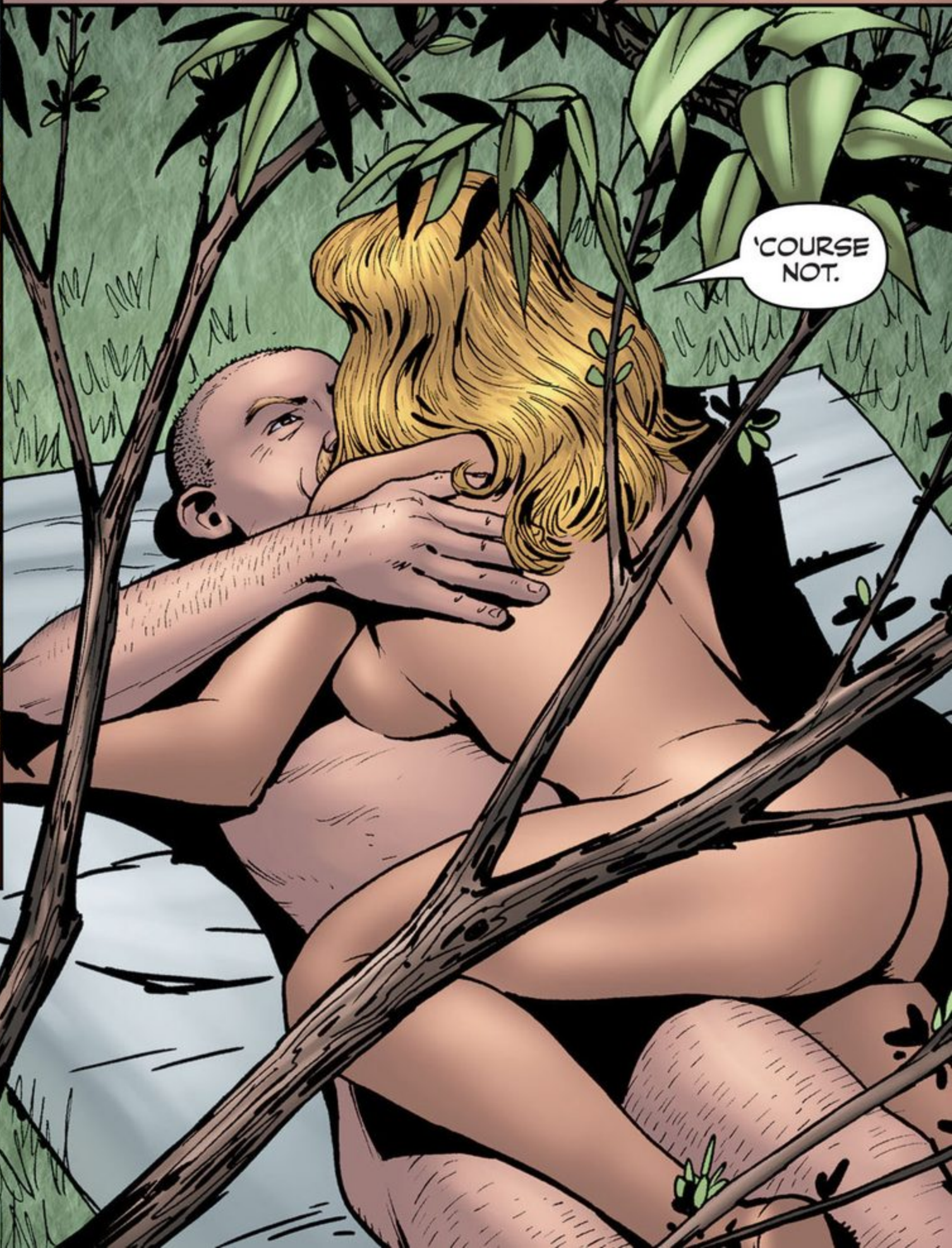
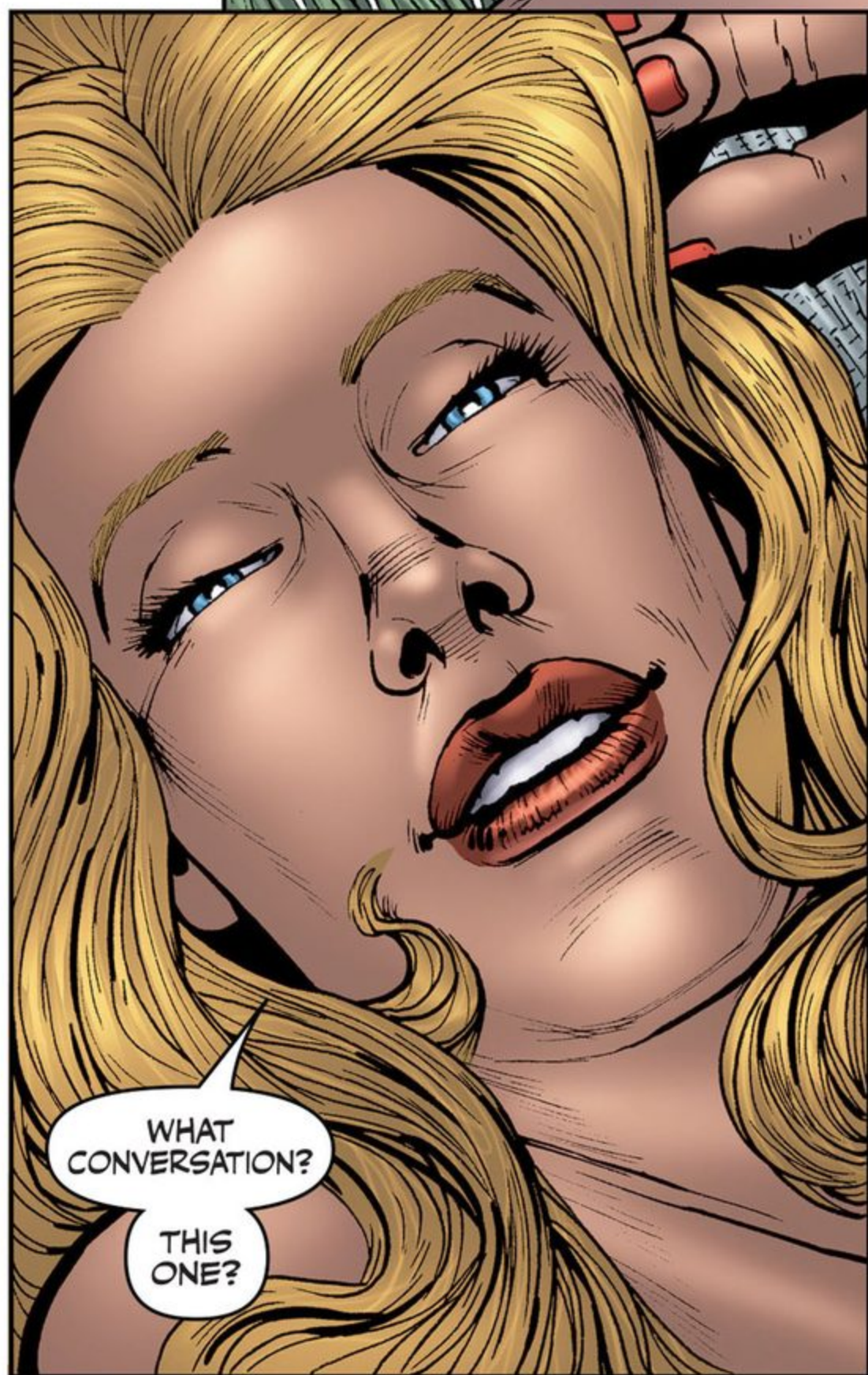
"I LOVE YOU."

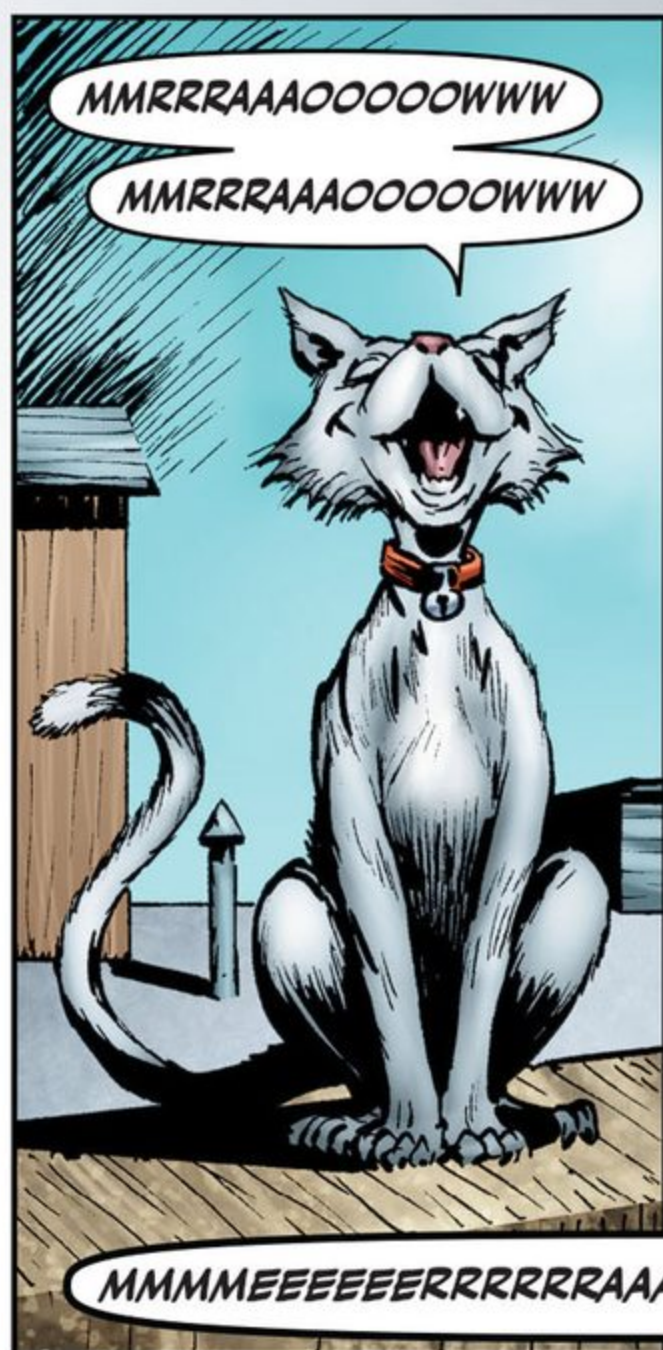
IT'S FUNNY, BACK THEN I WAS SO SCARED OF GOD KNOWING WHAT WAS IN MY HEART THAT I COULDN'T ADMIT IT WAS A LIE, NOT EVEN TO MYSELF. I THINK I KNEW, DEEP DOWN, BUT I DIDN'T DARE FACE IT.



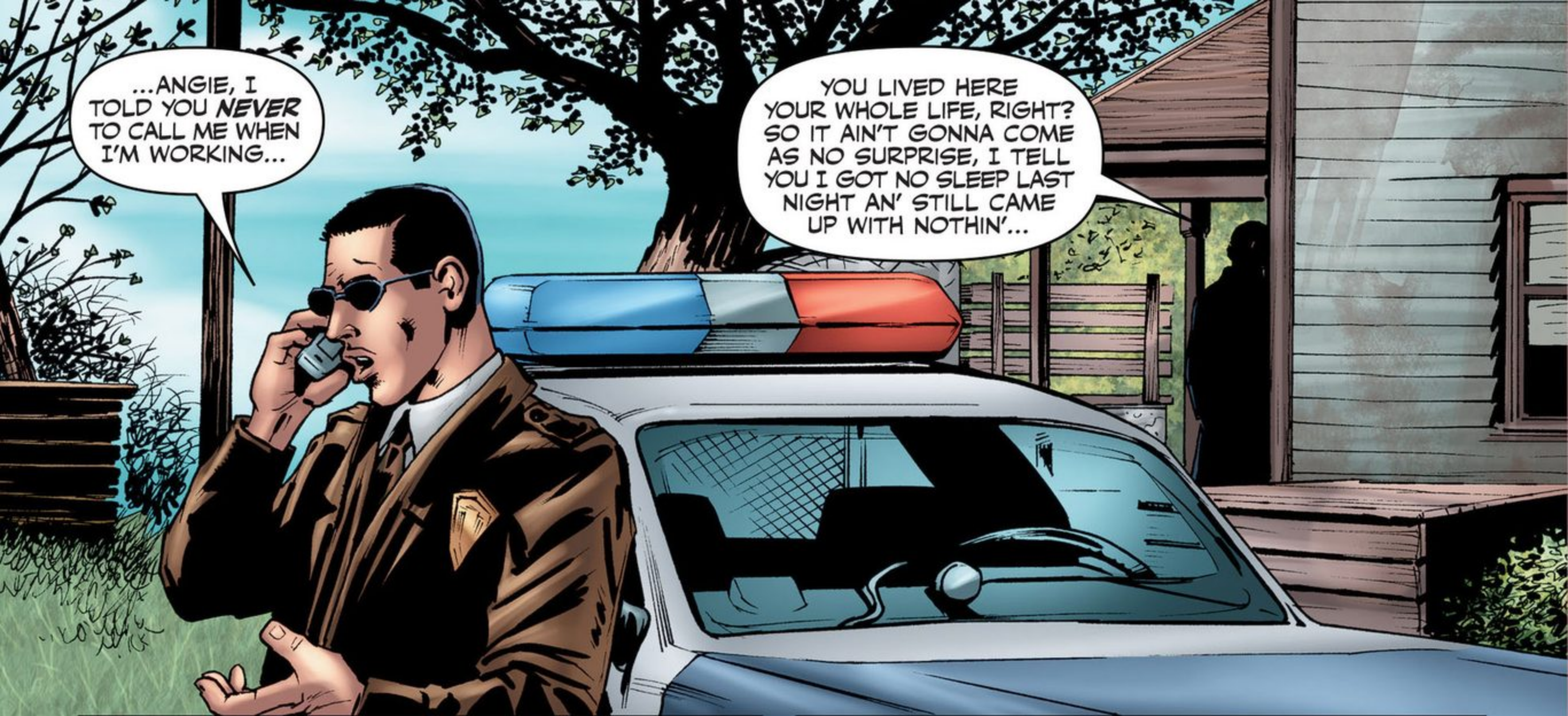
NOW GOD'S OUT OF MY LIFE... AND THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME BEING HONEST.

IT WASN'T TRUE. IT WAS AN EXCUSE I USED SO I COULD SEE WHAT SEX WAS LIKE.



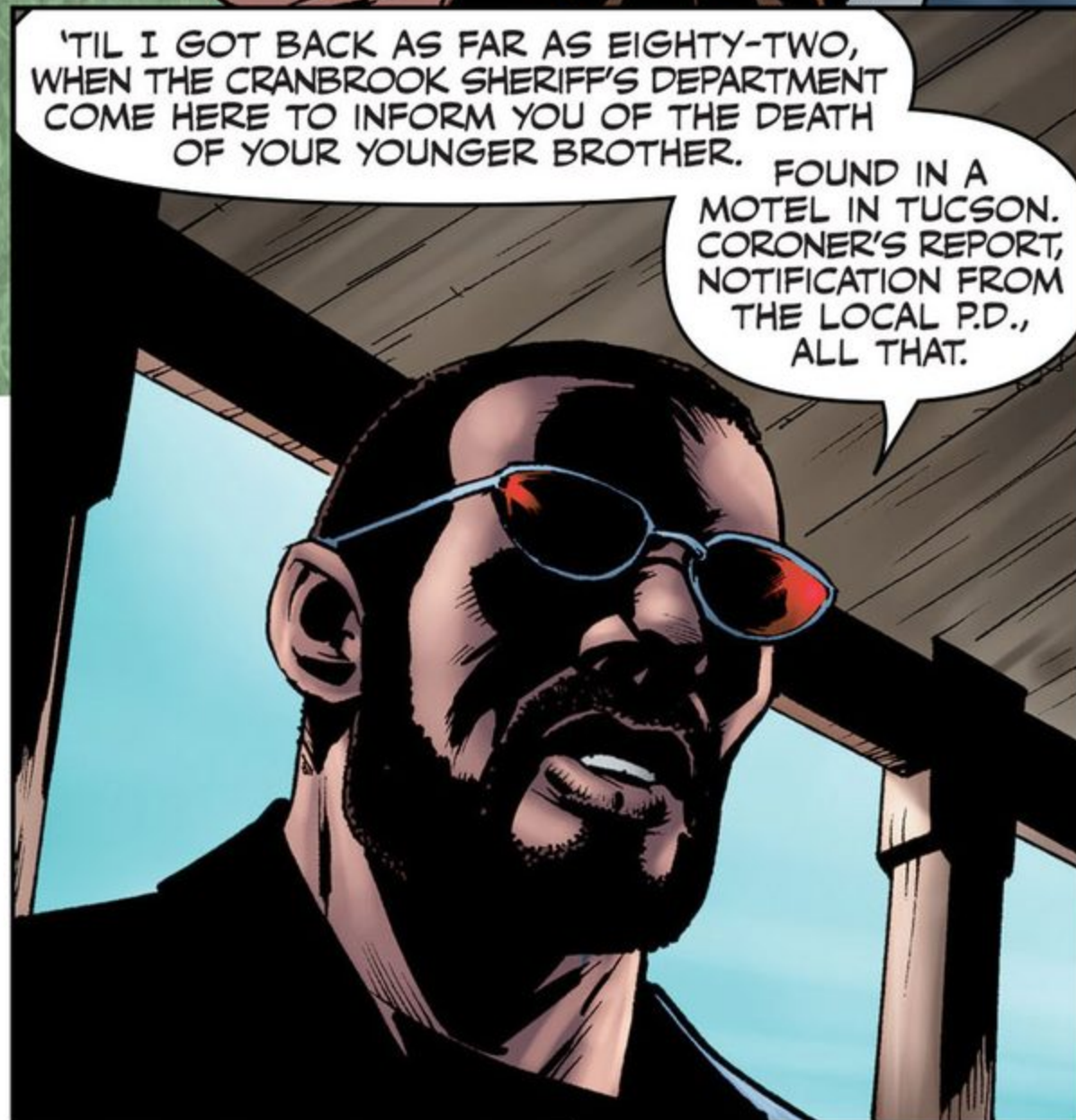






...ANGIE, I
TOLD YOU *NEVER*
TO CALL ME WHEN
I'M WORKING...

YOU LIVED HERE
YOUR WHOLE LIFE, RIGHT?
SO IT AIN'T GONNA COME
AS NO SURPRISE, I TELL
YOU I GOT NO SLEEP LAST
NIGHT AN' STILL CAME
UP WITH NOTHIN'...



'TIL I GOT BACK AS FAR AS EIGHTY-TWO,
WHEN THE CRANBROOK SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT
COME HERE TO INFORM YOU OF THE DEATH
OF YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER.

FOUND IN A
MOTEL IN TUCSON.
CORONER'S REPORT,
NOTIFICATION FROM
THE LOCAL P.D.,
ALL THAT.



MISTER WILHELM,
CAN YOU TELL ME
WHY PAUL WENT
ALL THE WAY TO
ARIZONA?

CAN YOU
TELL ME WHY
HE SHOT
HIMSELF?



AIN'T
GONNA LEAVE,
YOU BETTER
COME IN.



THE JOB?
GOD. BORIN'
AS HELL...

I MEAN I KNOW
SHE BURNED IT DOWN, AN'
SHE KNOWS I KNOW, BUT THE
DAFT OLD BAG WON'T WITHDRAW
THE CLAIM. I DUNNO WHEN
I'M GONNA GET HOME, THE
SHITE SHE KEEPS COMIN'
UP WITH.

WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

SAME
OLD, SAME
OLD.

I THINK
I SEE A
FENCE...

I'M TELLIN'
YOU, I *WASN'T*
LOST...!

HMH!

HEY, WHAT DO
YOU THINK ABOUT
SUPERHEROES?

OH, SOMEONE
LEFT AN *ASSEMBLE!*
ON THE TRAIN, I WAS
JUST READING BITS
OF IT...WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

C'MON, I'LL
GIVE YOU A
FOOTIE.

SUPES?

YEAH, I
THINK SOME
PEOPLE CALL
THEM THAT...

NO' MUCH,
REALLY. SORTA LIKE
CELEBRITIES,
AREN'T THEY?

WHY?





PRAYING.
NO HOLDING
HANDS.

IT'S FUNNY,
I HAVEN'T REALLY
THOUGHT ABOUT IT
IN A WHILE. I GUESS
IT'S MORE PART OF
THE OLD ME.



THE OLD
YOU, WAS
THAT...?

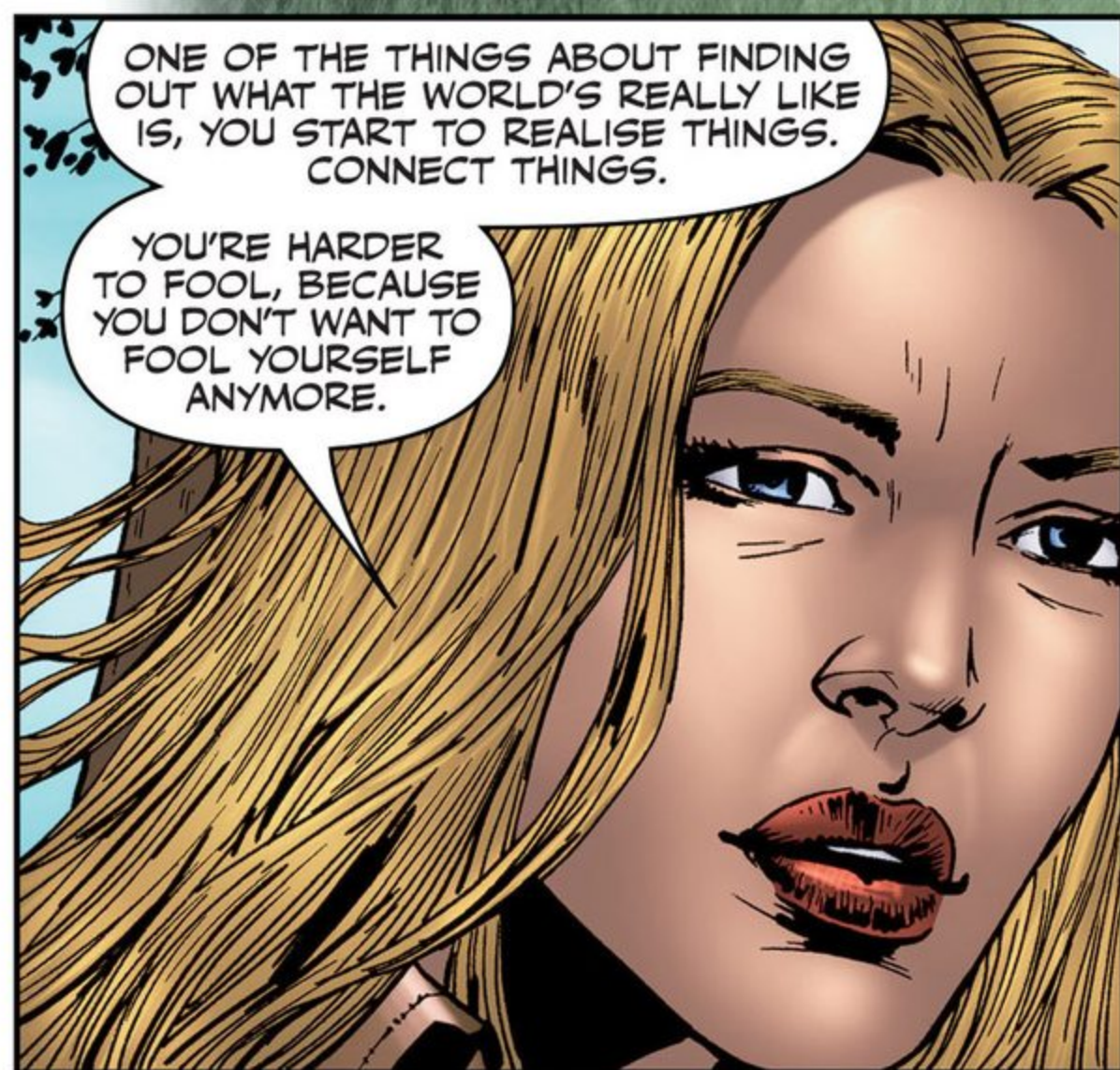
THE SILLY
LITTLE GIRL.



I NEVER
THOUGHT YOU
WERE SILLY.

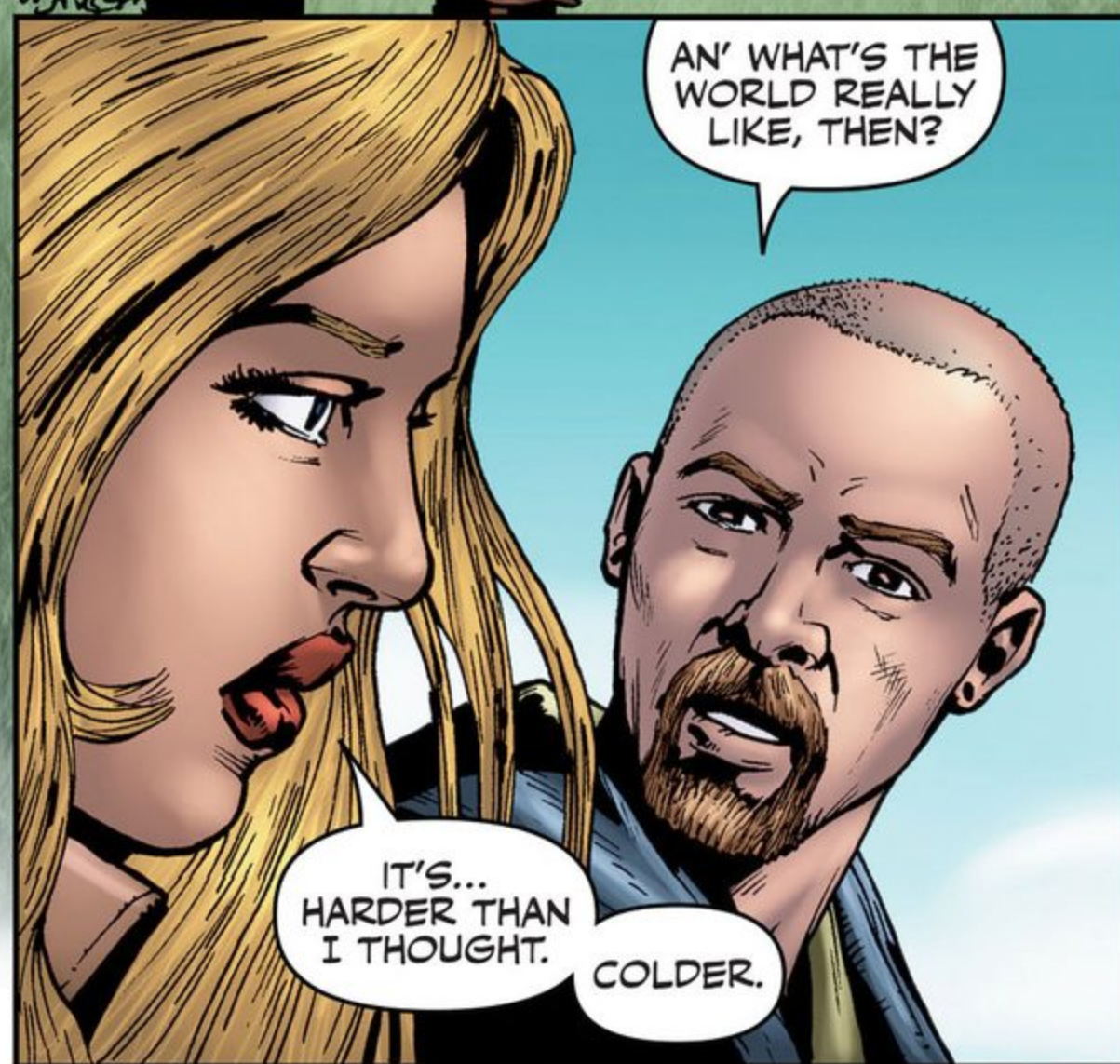
I WASN'T
ALWAYS. BUT I COULD
BE EXTREMELY NAÏVE
WHEN I WANTED.

IT GOES BACK
TO WHAT I WAS
SAYING, ABOUT
ADMITTING STUFF
TO YOURSELF.



ONE OF THE THINGS ABOUT FINDING
OUT WHAT THE WORLD'S REALLY LIKE
IS, YOU START TO REALISE THINGS.
CONNECT THINGS.

YOU'RE HARDER
TO FOOL, BECAUSE
YOU DON'T WANT TO
FOOL YOURSELF
ANYMORE.



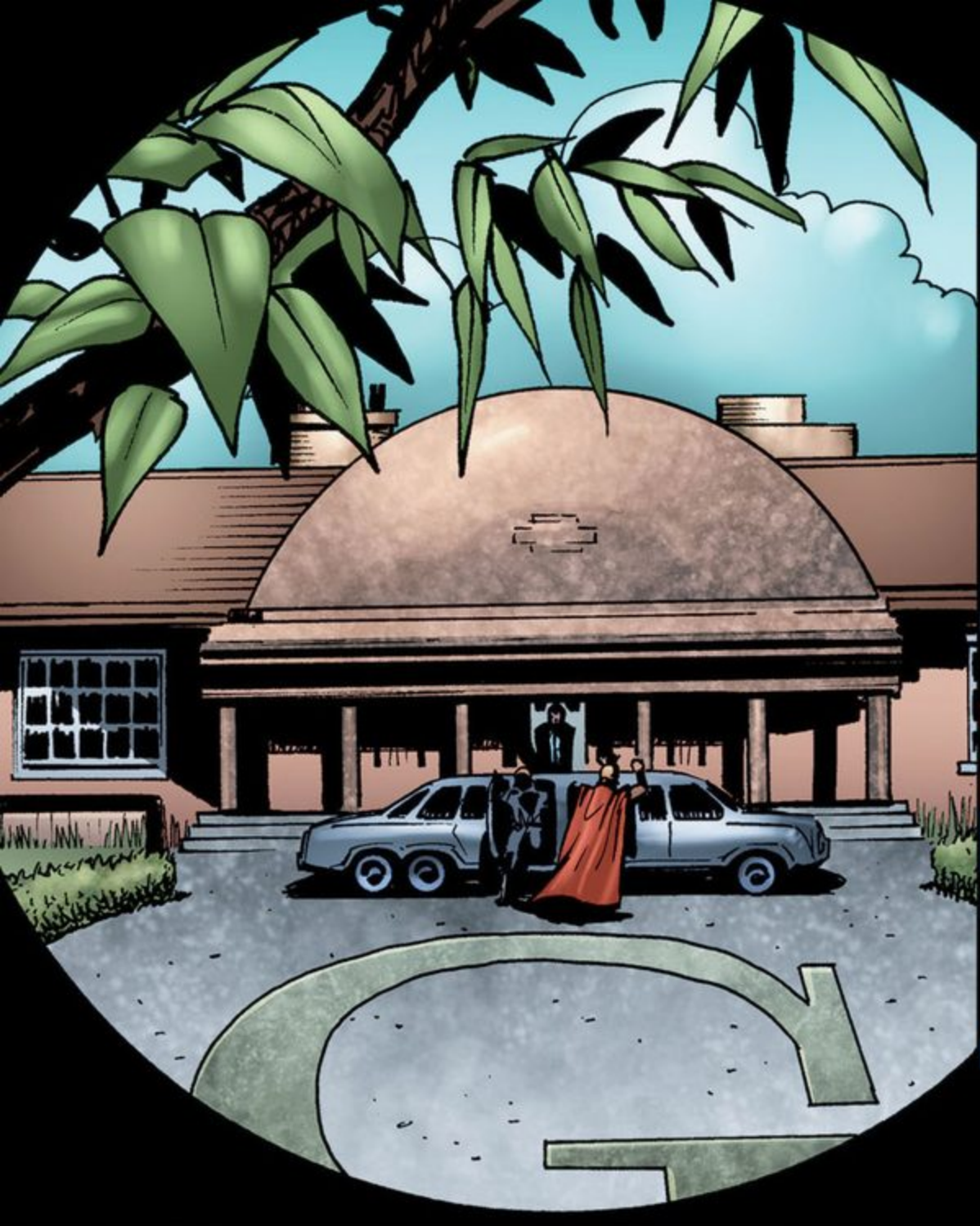
AN' WHAT'S THE
WORLD REALLY
LIKE, THEN?

IT'S...
HARDER THAN
I THOUGHT.

COLDER.



BUT
THERE'S GOOD
STUFF IF YOU
KNOW WHERE TO
LOOK FOR IT.









ALL RIGHT,
MATE?



HOW
YOU DOIN',
THEN.



WARF...

AH, FINE,
MATE.

OL'
BILLY'S
FINE.



OL' BILLY
THREW A BIT OF A
WOBBLY EARLIER
ON. BUT HE'S ALL
RIGHT NOW.

A man in a dark suit and tie is shown in profile, leaning forward and smashing his face into the snout of a bulldog. The bulldog is lying on its back on the floor, looking up at the man with its mouth open. The man is sitting at a wooden desk. On the desk is a computer monitor that has been smashed, with glass shards flying out. A keyboard is also on the desk, with some keys broken. A speech bubble from the man says, "OL' BILLY MIGHT HAVE TO KILL SOME STUPID CUNT, THAT'S ALL." The background shows a brick wall and a window with a blue sky.

OL' BILLY
MIGHT HAVE
TO KILL SOME
STUPID CUNT,
THAT'S ALL.

next: SEE IF YOU
CAN GUESS...WHAT
I AM NOW.